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CORDEAUX'
COLLECTION
OF POETRY





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A COLLECTION

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POETRY



FOR THE USE OF

JUVERILE CLASSES

In Public and Private Schools,

ARRANGED IN A PROGRESSIVE FORM

With explanatory Actes to each Poem;

BY

W. H. CORDEAUX.

LONDON: PIPER AND CO. CANTERBURY: G. PULLEN.

1853.

280.9.170,

• ` . •

PREFACE.

The compiler of this small collection of Poems, considers it his duty to explain why he ushers into being this same little volume, when there are already so many works of a similar kind.

It is perfectly true that there are, in point of number, quite sufficient of these compilations, but it is likewise right to state, that there are very few, if any, small collections of choice and first-rate Poems, -poems which are fitted and pleasant to the capacity and taste of the young. With this idea, and having in vain sought for a cheap and really genuine collection of poetry, arranged in a progressive form, I have for the use of my own Pupils, and at the desire of several engaged in instructing the young, selected those which are generally esteemed the best juvenile pieces of our great Poets. I have been careful not to infuse any of those "Original Poems," which so abound in every work of this kind that I have chanced to meet with, and which from their decided mediocrity, and oftentimes actual absurdity, are most ill-fitted to the Pupil, and far from pleasant to the Teacher. I could enumerate upwards of a dozen School poetry books, filled with original poems written by unknown poets and poetesses, with not one piece of decided merit in them, but full of the veriest trash that a child could be made to learn by rote. And why is this? We have Wordsworth, Cowper, Campbell, Pope, Mrs. Hemans, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and many others, of the highest note and celebrity, all of whom have written some pieces admirably calculated for young children.

I do think therefore that with this rich harvest on our shelves, we might let our children drink from the purest fountains, and not force them to be satiated with that, which in the end, will rather disgust than delight. And here I am led to remark that it is erroneous to suppose that youth has no taste for fine poetry, nor sufficient judgment to distinguish between a well written poem, and a badly written one; your true schoolboy possesses an instinctive relish for what is noble, elevated, pure and truthful in Poetry. And this will apply to the young beginner, as well as to the more advanced pupil; all can and do appreciate good poetry, when it is suited to their capacity and age.

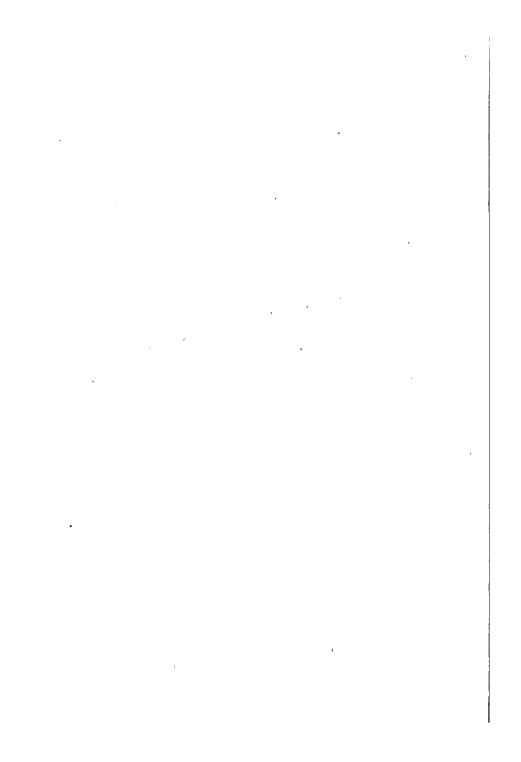
I am not an advocate for children spending too much time in learning poetry, as some are intellectually disqualified from readily retaining it in their memories, and are apt in consequence to take a dislike to Poetry altogether, if made to learn it very often, as is too frequently the case. The teacher should endeavour to make this particular branch of study as agreeable and pleasant as possible, and this cannot be the case if it is a lesson of frequent occurrence, which would soon lead to satiety and dislike in the best disciplined and cleverest child. Once or twice a week, and two or three verses each time is, I consider quite enough for a youthful pupil, as his other lessons must equally conduce to improve his memory, and strengthen his mind.

In learning Poetry, I think the pupil should not only be made to retain the verses in his memory, but he ought to have the subject of them well explained to him, so that he may thoroughly understand its import, and fully comprehend the meaning of every portion of it. This was my chief motive for appending a few notes at the end of almost every piece, as I thought that by this means the Teacher would be led to follow up my suggestions and deductions, which would render the lesson attractive and morally useful, instead of being a lesson to be learnt by rote, without any signification or end, and then thrown aside. In this, as in every other branch of education, I do think that a little well said, and fully comprehended by the child, is more judicious and useful, than a lengthened lesson repeated without explanation or remark.

I have attempted, and I trust with some little success, to arrange these pieces in a graduated form,—beginning with some of the simpler poems and winding up with the more difficult ones, so as to prepare the pupil by progressive lessons to be able in the end to read, and recite the deeper and more magnificent productions of our great Bards.

W. H. CORDEAUX.

CANTERBURY.



INDEX.

| | | | | | | | | Pac | Œ. |
|--------------------|------------|-----|------|-----|--|--|-----|-----|------------|
| Morning Hymn | , | ••• | | ••• | | | | | 1 |
| The Little Star | ••• | | ••• | | | | | | 2 |
| Against Idleness a | and | Mi | schi | ef | | | | | 2 |
| My Mother | | | | | | | | | 3 |
| The Use of Flowe | | | | | | | | | 4 |
| Against Quarrellii | | | | | | | | | 5 |
| Gratitude to God | | | | | | | | 6 | , 7 |
| The Daisy | | | | | | | | | 8 |
| The First Grief | | | | | | | ••• | 8 | , 9 |
| An Evening Hym | | | | | | | | | 10 |
| It is a Pleasant D | | | | | | | | | 10 |
| An Enquiry | | | | | | | | | 11 |
| A Hymn | | | | | | | ••• | | 12 |
| We are Seven | | | | | | | | | 14 |
| The Truth | | | | | | | | | 15 |
| The Blind Boy's b | | | | | | | | | 16 |
| A Child's Evening | | | | | | | | | 17 |
| Lucy Gray | | | | | | | | | 2 0 |
| The Better Land | | | | | | | | | |
| The Universal Pra | | | | | | | | | |
| The Cuckoo | - | | | | | | | | |
| Those Evening Be | | | | | | | | | 26 |
| The wandering Bo | о у | | | | | | | | 27 |
| Humility | | | | | | | | | 28 |

| The Homes of England 29, 8 | 30 |
|-------------------------------------|------------|
| | 31 |
| Birds of Passage 32, 8 | 33 |
| | 34 |
| The Patriot 8 | 35 |
| Prayer 8 | 36 |
| The Rainbow 8 | 37 |
| Gelert 88, 89, 4 | Ю |
| The Stormy Petrel 4 | 1 1 |
| The Sunbeam 4 | 12 |
| The Death of the Flowers 4 | 13 |
| The Crucifixion 4 | 14 |
| The Mariners of England 4 | L 5 |
| The Nightingale and Glow-worm 46, 4 | 17 |
| The Alps at Day-break 4 | 18 |
| The Wood 4 | ŀ9 |
| Hymn to the Brave 5 | 50 |
| The Inchcape Bell 50, 51, 5 | i 2 |
| | 53 |
| Birds 54, 5 | 55 |
| The Chameleon 56, 57, 5 | 8 |
| Christmas Hymn 5 | 59 |
| To a Skylark 60, 6 | 31 |
| The Glory of the Creator 6 | 32 |
| | 3 |
| The Wounded Eagle 64, 6 | 5 |
| The Village Preacher 6 | 36 |
| The Battle of the League 67, 68, 6 | 39 |
| | o' |
| The Psalm of Life 71, 7 | 2 |

MORNING HYMN.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun, Thy daily stage of duty run; Shake off dull sloth, and early rise, To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mis-spent moments past, And live this day as if the last: Thy talents to improve take care, For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse (1) be sincere,

Thy conscience as the noon-day, clear;

For God's all-seeing eye surveys

Thy secret thoughts, thy works, and ways.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart, And with the angels bear thy part; Who all night long unwearied (2) sing, High glory to the Eternal King.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him all creatures here below; Praise him above, angelic host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

(1) Converse—Conversation. | (2) Unwearied—Without being weary. This and the Evening Hymn should be early learnt and frequently repeated by the younger pupils.

THE LITTLE STAR.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star, How I wonder what you are; Up above the world, so bright, Like a diamond in the night.

In the cold blue sky you keep,
And often through my windows peep;
Then you show your little light,
And twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star, How I wonder what you are!

GREEN.

What a glorious sight it is to look at the Heavens on a fine clear night! What thousands and thousands of stars do we not see on every side of us! And when we consider that Astronomers have told us that those stars are millions of miles distant from us, and are like worlds to our own, should we not lift up our hearts to that Great Being who created the world we live in,—that firmament studded with stars—and everything we see or know.

AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF.

How doth the little busy bee Improve each shining hour, And gather honey all the day, From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell!

How neat she spreads her wax!

And labours hard to store it well

With the sweet food she makes.

In Works of labour, or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play, Let my first years be past; That I may give for every day Some good account at last.

Industry will ever bring its own reward. The boy who goes to school and studiously learn his lessons, is a far happier boy than he who is lazy, and will not learn without being made.

> "For Satan finds some mischief still, For idle hands to do."

MY MOTHER.

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheeks sweet kisses press'd?

My MOTHER.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet lullaby;
And sooth'd me that I should not cry?

My MOTHER.

Who taught my infant heart to pray,
And love God's holy book and day,
And taught me wisdom's pleasant way?

My MOTHER,

And can I ever cease to be Affectionate and kind to thee, Who wast so very kind to me,

MY MOTHER.

Ah, no! the thought I cannot bear, And if God please my life to spare, I hope I shall reward thy care,

MY MOTHER.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have made the earth bring forth Enough for great and small, The oak-tree and the cedar ⁽¹⁾ tree, Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough,
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

The ore (2) within the mountain mine, Requireth none to grow, Nor doth it need the lotus flower, To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man,
Might yet have drunk them all.

(1) Cedar—An evergreen tree. | (2) Ore—Metal in the mineral state.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dy'd with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night.

Springing in valleys green and low, And on the mountains high, And in the silent wilderness, Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth—

To comfort man—to whisper hope, When e'er his faith is dim, For who so careth for the flowers, Will much more care for him.

MRS. HOWITT.

The lovely flowers of the Earth not only serve us in various useful ways, but are intended besides to awaken in us ideas of beauty, taste and grace, and to lead our thoughts to him who said "Consider the lilies of the field they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

AGAINST QUARRELLING AND FIGHTING.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite, For God hath made them so; Let bears and lions growl and fight, For 'tis their nature too. But, children, you should never let Such angry passions rise; Your little hands were never made 'To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run, And all your words be mild; Live like the blessed virgin's Son, That sweet and lovely Child.

His soul was gentle as a Lamb;
And as his stature grew,
He grew in favour both with man
And God, his Father, too.

Now, Lord of all, he reigns above, And from his heavenly throne He sees what children dwell in love, And marks them for his own.

WATTS.

This is a piece which should be applied to every little boy and girl,—in order that they may learn how wicked it is to quarrel and fight.

Those whom we quarrelled with yesterday may to-morrow, or next day be taken from us altogether, and how fearful then would be the recollection that that brother or sister is dead, whom the last time we saw on earth, we quarrelled with. Let it not be so with you.

GRATITUDE TO GOD.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad, How many poor I see! What shall I render to my God For all his gifts to me? Not more than others I deserve, Yet God hath given me more: For I have food while others starve, Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street
Half naked I behold!
While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold.

While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head;
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal;
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

Are these thy favours, day by day,

To me above the rest?

Then let me love thee more than they,

And try to serve thee best.

How thankful should those be who have food to eat, and comfortable clothing, and a pleasant home, and kind parents. Not only should they be grateful to God for his goodness to them, but they should seek at all times to do his will,—by serving him faithfully, and keeping his commandments. They should endeavour to assist those who are poorer than themselves, and should prefer giving a penny to a poor hungry child, than spending it upon sweetmeats or toys.

THE DAISY.

There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest (1) and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field,
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to nature dear,
While moon and stars their courses run,
Wreathes (2) the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms;
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

(1) Crest—plume, head, or top. | (2) Wreathes—adorns.

All poets have sung the praises of this small but beautiful flower.

In the north it is called Bairnwort, because it is loved by children.

The Daisy is not relished by cattle, and is disliked even by geese.

Its leaves were in former times considered a valuable application to wounds. Its Latin name is Bellis perennis;—the French term it La petite Marguerite.

THE FIRST GRIEF.

Oh! call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone:
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone?

The butterfly is glancing bright Across the sunbeam's track; I care not now to chase its flight, Oh! call my brother back.

The flowers run wild—the flowers we sow'd

Around our garden tree;

Our vine is drooping with its load—

Oh! call him back to me.

"He would not hear my voice, fair child— He may not come to thee; The face that once like spring-time smiled, On earth no more thou'lt see!

"A rose's brief bright life of joy, Such unto him was given; Go, thou must play alone, my boy— Thy brother is in heaven!"

And has he left the birds and flowers,
And must I call in vain;
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?

And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wand'rings o'er?
Oh! while my brother with me play'd,
Would I had loved him more!—

Mrs. Hemans.

A little girl is supposed to have lost her brother, but she does not at first understand that he is dead—that he will never come back to her again. The last verse is singularly beautiful. How often can we apply the last lines of the closing verse to many a dear relative and friend, now gone to their last home, who when with us we did not sufficiently love, and of whom we have afterwards bitterly said,

Oh! that we had loved them more.

Let then these few verses teach you to love more devotedly your parents, relatives and friends, so that this bitter regret may not pain you when they are gone.

AN EVENING HYMN.

And now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waste, My sins how great their sum! Lord, give me pardon for the past, And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep,
Let angels guard my head;
And thro' the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close my eyes, Since thou wilt not remove; And in the morning let me rise Rejoicing in thy love.

This Evening hymn might be learnt by every little boy, and girl, and repeated in the evening of each day. Let them not only remember it in their minds, and say it by their lips, but keep it in their hearts, and apply it to their lives. After praying to our Heavenly Father, our hearts will be lighter, and depend upon it our sleep will be more refreshing to the body.

IT IS A PLEASANT DAY.

Come, my children, come away,
For the sun shines bright to-day:
Little children, come with me,
Birds, and brooks, and posies (1) see;
Get your hats, and come away,
For it is a pleasant day.

(1) Posies-nosegays.

Everything is laughing, singing, All the pretty flowers are springing; See the kitten, full of fun, Sporting in the brilliant sun; Children, too, may sport and play, For it is a pleasant day.

Bring the hoop, and bring the ball, Come with happy faces all; Let us make a merry ring, Talk and laugh, and dance and sing; Quickly, quickly, come away For it is a pleasant day.

AN ENQUIRY.

Who taught the bird to build her nest Of wool, and hay, and moss? Who taught her how to weave it best, And lay the twigs across?

Who taught the busy bee to fly Among the sweetest flowers; And lay her store of honey by, To eat in winter hours?

Who taught the little ant the way
Her narrow hole to bore;
And through the pleasant summer day,
To gather up her store?

'Twas God, who taught them all the way, And gave their little skill; He teaches children how to pray, And do his holy will.

Anon.

God in his infinite wisdom gave the bird an instinct or inward faculty, by which at certain seasons it builds its beautiful nest, oftentimes of the commonest materials, which it endows with warmth suited to the "little nestlings" which are afterwards to make their appearance. The same Almighty Being likewise taught the busy bee to construct its wondrous cell, for receiving the honey which it culls from the flowers of the field, and thus through all His works, the simplest as well as the highest, the greatest perfection and beauty are to be seen.

HYMN.

There's not a leaf within the bower;
There's not a bird upon the tree;
There's not a dew-drop on the flower,
But bears the impress, (1) Lord! of thee.

Thy hand the varied leaf designed,
And gave the bird its thrilling (2) tone;
Thy power the dew-drop's lints combined,
Till, like the diamond's blaze they shone.

Yes; dew-drops, leaves and birds, and all, The smallest, like the greatest things, The sea's vast space, the earth's wide ball, Alike proclaim the King of Kings.

(1) Impress-mark, stamp. (2) Thrilling-piercing.

But man alone to bounteous Heaven,

Thanksgiving's conscious (3) strains (4) can raise;

To favoured man alone 'tis given,

To join the heavenly host in praise.

MRS. OPTE.

- (3) Conscious—understood (4) Strains—prayers, hymns.
- "O all ye Works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him for ever."
- "O ye Children of Men, bless ye the Lord; praise him and magnify him for ever."

WE ARE SEVEN.

A simple child, dear brother Jim, That lightly draws its breath, And feels its life in every limb, What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl,
That clustered (1) round her head.

- 'Sisters and brothers, little maid, How many may you be?'
 'How many? seven in all,' she said, And wondering looked at me.
- 'And where are they, I pray you tell?'
 She answered, 'seven are we,
 And two of us at Conway dwell,
 And two are gone to sea.
 - (1) Clustered—hanging in clusters.

- 'Two of us in the church-yard lie,
 My sister and my brother;
 And in the church-yard cottage, I
 Dwell near them with my mother.'
- 'You say that two at Conway dwell, And two are gone to sea; Yet you are seven, I pray you tell, Sweet maid, how this may be.'

Then did the little maid reply,
'Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree.'

- 'You run about, my little maid, Your limbs they are alive; If two are in the church-yard laid, Then ye are only five.'
- 'Their graves are green, they may be seen,'
 The little maid replied,
- 'Twelve steps or more from my mother's door, And they are side by side.
- 'My stockings there I often knit, My 'kerchief there I hem; And there upon the ground I sit,— I sit and sing to them.
- 'And often after sunset, sir, When it is light and fair, I take my little porringer (2) And eat my supper there.
 - (2) Porringer—a small wooden bowl.

'The first that died was little Jane, In bed she moaning lay, Till God released her of her pain, And then she went away.

'So in the church-yard she was laid, And all the summer dry, Together round her grave we played, My brother John and I.

'And when the ground was white with snow, And I could run and slide, My brother John was forced to go, And he lies by her side.'

'How many are you then,' said I,
'If they two are in heaven?'
The little maiden did reply,
'O, master! we are seven.'

'But they are dead, those two are dead,'
Their spirits are in heaven.'
'Twas throwing words away, for still
The little maid would have her will
And say 'Nay, we are Seven.'

WORDSWORTH.

THE TRUTH.

"Why should you fear the truth to tell? Does falsehood ever do so well? Can you be satisfied to know
There's something wrong to hide below?
No; let your fault be what it may,
To own it is the happy way.

So long as you your crime conceal, You cannot light and gladsome (1) feel; Your little heart will seem oppress'd, (2) As if a weight were on your breast; And e'en your mother's eye to meet, Will tinge (3) your face with shame and heat."

Gladsome—happy. (2) Oppress'd—burthened.
 Tinge—colour, mark.

Endure anything rather than descend to utter an untruth or frame an equivocation. A just teacher, or a wise parent will readily forgive an offence, provided that it is confessed in an open and sincere manner. Remember as long as you live that a lie has never, or will ever, avail anything. It is sure to be discovered sooner or later, and the punishment will be severe but just.

Little boys and girls, recollect Ananias and Sapphira.

THE BLIND BOY'S BEEN AT PLAY MOTHER.

The Blind Boy's been at play, mother,
And merry games we had;
We led him on our way, mother,
And every step was glad.
But when we found a starry flower,
And praised its varied hue,
A tear came trembling down his cheek,
Just like a drop of dew.

We took him to the mill, mother,
Where falling waters made
A rainbow o'er the rill, mother,
As golden sun-rays played;
But when we shouted at the scene,
And hailed the clear blue sky,
He stood quite still upon the bank,
And breathed a long, long sigh.

We asked him why he wept, mother,
Whene'er we found the spots
Where periwinkle crept, mother,
O'er wild Forget-me-nots:
"Ah me!" he said, while tears ran down
As fast as summer showers,
"It is because I cannot see
The sunshine and the flowers."

Oh, that poor sightless boy, mother,
Has taught me I am blest,
For I can look with joy, mother,
On all I love the best,
And when I see the dancing stream,
And daisies red and white,
I'll kneel upon the meadow sod,
And thank my God for sight.

E. Cook.

A poor blind boy goes out to play with his companions, but he cannot see the beautiful blue sky, or the lovely flowers, or the green grass, and is sad poor boy when those with him shouted at the glorious scene; and hailed the clear blue sky! How thankful then should those little boys be that are not blind, and who can see the faces of those that love them, and every thing about them,—let them therefore remember the poor blind boy, and love the good God who gave them sight.

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay, God grant me grace my prayers to say;— O God! preserve my mother dear In strength and health for many a year; And, oh! preserve my father too,
And may I pay him reverence due,—
And may I my best thoughts employ
To be my parents hope and joy;
And, oh! preserve my brothers both
From evil doings and from sloth,(1)
And may we always love each other,
Our friends, our father, and our mother,
And still, O Lord, to me impart (2)
An innocent and grateful heart,
That after my last sleep I may
Awake to thy eternal 3 day! Amen.

COLEBIDGE.

(1) Sloth—idleness. (2) Impart—teach. (3) Eternal—everlasting.

LUCY GRAY.

Oft had I heard of Lucy Gray, And when I crossed the wild, I chanced to see, at break of day, The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew, She dwelt on a wild moor, (1) The sweetest thing that ever grew Beside a human door.

You yet may spy the fawn (2) at play, The hare upon the green; But the sweet face of Lucy Gray, Will never more be seen.

- (1) Moor—a marsh, or wide extent of uncultivated ground.
 - (2) Fawn—a young deer

'To night will be a stormy night,—You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow.'

'That, father, will I gladly do;
'Tis scarcely afternoon;
The minster clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon.'

At this, the father raised his hook, And snapped a faggot band; He plied his work;—and Lucy took The lantern in her hand.

Not blither (3) is the mountain roe; With many a wanton stroke, Her feet dispersed the powdery snow, That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time; She wandered up and down; And many a hill did Lucy climb, But never reached the town.

The wretched parents, all that night
Were shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight,
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood,

That overlooked the moor;

And thence they saw the bridge of wood,

A furlong from their door.

(3) Blither-merrier, gayer.

And turning homeward, now, they cried, 'In heaven we all shall meet!'
When in the snow, the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge,
They tracked (4) the foot-marks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall.

They followed, from the snowy bank,
The foot-marks one by one,
Into the middle of the plank,—
And further there were none!

Yet some maintain, that, to this day, She is a living child; That you may see sweet Lucy Gray, Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along, And never looks behind; And sings a solitary song, That whistles in the wind.

WORDSWORTH.

(4) Tracked-traced.

The subject of these verses is a little girl, who is bid by her Eather on a winters' day, to take a lantern and light her mother home who is gone to the neighbouring town. She starts off in a cheerful manner in the afternoon, crosses the moor all covered with anow, the evening coming on she loses her way, her parents getting uneasy at her not returning sconer, seek her, follow her track into the middle of the plank, 'but further there were none!' Such was the sad fate of poor Lucy Gray.

THE BETTER LAND.

I hear thee speak of the better land;
Thou callest its children a happy band;
Mother! oh where is that radiant (1) shore,—
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies (2) dance through the myrtle boughs?
'Not there, not there, my child!'

Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?
'Not there, not there, my child!'

Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold—
Where the burning rays of the ruby (3) shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?
'Not there, not there, my child!'

(1) Radiant-shining.

- (2) Fire-flies—beautiful insects found in tropical climes, which emit light from beneath their wing, and flying about in the lovely evenings of those beauteous countries, appear like particles of fire.
- (3) Ruby-a precious red stone.

'Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!

Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,

Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,

Sorrow and death may not enter there;

Time doth not breathe on its faultlers 4 bloom,

For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,

It is there, it is there, my child!'

MRS. HEMANS.

(4) Faultless—without fault or imperfection.

This deservedly well known and popular poem, is worthy of your admiration, and will I am sure be learnt rather as a pleasure than a task.

The poetess is perfectly right—'the better land' or Heaven towards which, we all at times cling as to a bright and holy hope, is not to be found on any part of this world of ours. It is beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb, in a region of unspeakable beauty, where the Saviour of the world will shed his love, his glory, and his goodness on all around. May you live worthily, so as to be received into those holy habitations.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime ador'd,(1)
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

(1) Ador'd-worshipped.

Yet gave me, in this dark estate, (2)
To see the good from ill;
And, binding Nature fast in Fate, (3)
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty (4) gives, Let me not cast away, For God is paid when man receives; To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted (5) span (6)
Thy goodnes let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand Presume thy bolts to thow, And deal damnation round the land On each I judge thy foe. 7

If I am right, thy grace impart, ⁸
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh! teach my heart
To find that better way.

- (2) Estate—abode, world.
- (3) Fate—destiny, providence. [4) Bounty—goodness, generosity.
 (5) Contracted—shortened.
- (6) Space—lasting only a short time, often applied to our career or life on earth, which is alike short and uncertain.
- (7) Foe—an enemy, or adversary. | (8) Impart—communicate, grant, or reveal.

Save me alike from foolish pride, Or impious 9 discontent, At aught thy wisdom has deny'd, Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I see,
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so, Since quicken'd ¹⁰ by thy breath; O lead me wheresoe'er I go, Thro' this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee whose temple is all space, Whose altar, earth, sea, skies, One chorus let all beings raise, All nature's incense ¹¹ rise:

Pope.

(9) Impious—wicked. — (10) Quickened—created, made, having the breath of life

11 Incense-offering.

THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the wood, Attendant on the spring! Now heaven repairs thy vernal (1) seat, And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green, Thy certain voice we hear: Hast thou a star to guide thy path, Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
When heaven is filled with music sweet
Of birds among the bowers.

The school-boy wandering in the wood,
To pull the flowers so gay,
Starts—thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.(2)

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom, Thou fly'st the vocal vale: An (3) annual guest in other lands, Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

(1) Vernal—belonging to the spring.—(2) Lay—song, note.
(3) Annual—yearly.

Oh! could I fly, I'd fly with thee; We'd make, with social wing, Our annual visit o'er the globe, Companions of the spring.

LOGAN.

This bird, so well known to you by its singular and unvaried note, arrives in our island early in spring, and takes its departure for Africa generally in the month of July. The Cuckoo is insectivorous in its diet, that is, lives upon insects, such as caterpillars, dragonflies, &c. What is most strange in the history of this bird is, its habit of providing for its young, by depositing its eggs in the nests of other birds; the nests usually chosen are those of the Hedgesparrow, Wagtail, &c. The egg is very small in comparison with the size of the bird;—when the young Cookoo is hatched, and has gained a little strength, it very coolly dislodges all its weaker companions by getting under them and with a sort of jirk forcing them overboard, not very grateful conduct after the kind attention and care of the foster-mother.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

"Those Evening Bells, those Evening bells, How many a tale their music tells, Of youth and home and that sweet time, When last I heard their soothing (1) chime.

Those joyous hours are past away, And many a heart that then was gay, Within the tomb now darkly dwells, And hears no more those evening bells.

(1) Soothing-comforting.

And so 'twill be when I am gone, That tuneful peal will still ring on; While other Bards (2) shall walk these dells,(3) And sing your praise, sweet evening bells."

MOORE.

(2) Bards-poets.-(3) Dells-shady walks.

These verses describe certain thoughts and reflections which passed over the mind of the writer, on hearing the ringing of bells at Evening. He is reminded of his home, of his early friends, and youthful playmates, many of whom are gone to their long home, and he reflects that those same bells will still ring on when he also sleeps.

THE WANDERING BOY.

-0----

When the winter wind whistles along the wild moor, And the cottager shuts on the beggar his door; When the chilling tear stands in my comfortless eye, Oh, how hard is the lot of the Wandering Boy;

The winter is cold, and I have no vest. (1)
And my heart it is cold as it beats in my breast;
No Father, no Mother, no Kindred (2) have I,
For I am a parentless (3) Wandering Boy.

Yet I once had a home, and I once had a sire, (4)

A Mother who granted each infant desire;

Our cottage it stood in a wood-embowered (5) vale,

Where the ring-dove (6) would warble its sorrowful tale.

(1) Vest—jacket.—(2) Kindred—relations.—(3) Parentless—not having parents.—(4) Sire—a Father.—(5) Wood-embowered—surrounded by woods.—(6) Ring-dove—a sort of pigeon.

But my Father and Mother were summoned away, And they left me to hard-hearted strangers a prey; I fied from their rigour with many a sigh, And now I'm a poor little Wandering Boy.

The wind it is keen, (7) and the snow loads the gale; And no one will list (8) to my innocent tale: I'll go to the grave where my parents both lie, And death shall befriend the poor Wandering Boy.

KIRKE WHITE.

(7) Keen-cold. (8) List-short for listen.

HUMILITY.

The bird that soars on highest wing, Builds on the ground her lowly nest; And she that doth most sweetly sing, Sings in the shade, when all things rest; In Lark and Nightingale we see, What honour hath Humility.

When Mary chose "the better part," She meekly sat at Jesus' feet; And Lydia's gently opened heart, Was made for God's own temple meet. Fairest and least adorned is she, Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown, In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down,
Then most, when most his soul ascends.
Nearest the throne itself must be,
The footstool of humility.

J. MONTGOMERY.

In reading the biographies of great and good men you will find, with but few exceptions, that the greatest men have generally been the humblest. Take for example the immortal name of Newton, how transcendent was his genius, yet how humble in all things did he at all times show himself.

As in the natural world with the Nightingale and Lark. so it is in the world of Man, an unassuming and plain deportment conceals frequently great and glorious powers.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

The stately homes of England,

How beautiful they stand!

Amidst their tall ancestral (1) trees,

O'er all the pleasant land!

The Deer across their green sward bound,

Through shade and sunny gleam,

And the Swan glides past them with the sound,

Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!

Around their hearths by night,

What gladsome looks of household love,

Meet in the ruddy light!

(1) Ancestral—relating or belonging to ancestors.

There Woman's voice flows forth in song, Or childhood's tale is told; Or lips move tunefully (2) along, Some glorious page of old.

The cottage-homes of England;
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brook,
And round the hamlet-fanes;
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free fair homes of England;
Long, long in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be rear'd,
To guard each hallow'd wall;
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves,
Its country and its God.

MRS. HEMANS.

(2) Tunefully—musically, pleasantly.—(3) Nook—corner or bed. (4) Hallow'd—sacred.

The subject of the above verses is the 'Homes of England.' commencing with the 'Stately Homes of England.' down to the 'Cottage Homes of England.' And true it is that the Peasant's small cot is as dear to him, and perhaps more so, than the splendid mansion is to the Nobleman. In no country more than England do the people value so highly their homes and their hearths. In them are centred their affections, their hopes, their joys;—and in them, as a quiet haven, they seek repose and tranquility from the stormy and turbulent world. Little boys and girls cannot value too much their happy and comfortable homes.

SLAVERY.

"I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews 1 bought and sold have ever earn'd.
No! I would rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten on him.
We have no slaves at home—then why abroad?
And they themselves, once ferried 2 o'er the waves
That part us, are emancipate 3 and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles 4 fall."

COWPER.

(1) Sinews—muscles.—(2) Ferried—crossed over by means of a vessel.—(3) Emancipate—free, no longer slaves.—(4) Shackles—chains, bonds.

It is a right glorious fact that 'Slaves cannot breathe in England.' We have no slaves to tarnish the glory of merry England! We live in a land where all are free!—free to act, free to live, free to think, with enlightened justice, and pure laws. Let us be thankful to the great Jehovah that our land is so signally blessed! but alas! across the Atlantic, in some parts of America, slavery exists,—men are bought and sold like cattle, and the poor African there endures bitter and horrible oppression. To those who would like to learn what slavery means, let them read a remarkable book, entitled 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Birds, joyous birds of the wandering wing!
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring?
"We come from the shores of the green old Nile,¹
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

"We have swept o'er cities in song renown'd,—Silent they lie with the deserts around!
We have cross'd proud rivers, whose tide hath roll'd,
All dark with the warrior-blood of old;
And each worn wing hath regain'd its home,
Under peasants' roof-tree or monarch's dome."

And what have ye found in the monarch's dome,² Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam? "We have found a change, we have found a pall,³ And a gloom o'er-shadowing the banquet hall, And a mark on the floor as of life-drops spilt,—Nought looks the same, save the nest we built!"

- (1) Nile—This is a celebrated river, as the reader no doubt will recollect, whose yearly overflowing renders Egypt an extremely fertile country. The Hippopotamus frequents the banks of this river, and a specimen (the first live one ever brought to this country) came from thence, which is now exhibited in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. The length of the course of the Nile is upwards of 2000 miles.
- (2) Dome—building, a royal residence.—(3) Pall—a covering for the dead.

Oh! joyous birds, it hath still been so;
Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go!—
But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep,—
Say what have ye found in the peasant's cot,
Since last ye parted from that sweet spot?

"A change we have found there—and many a change!
Faces, and footsteps, and all things strange!
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
And the young that were have a brow of care,
And the place is hush'd 4 where the children played—
Nought (5) looks the same save the nest we made."

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth, Birds that o'ersweep it, in power and mirth! Yet, through the wastes of the trackless air, Ye have a guide and shall we despair? Ye over desert and deep have passed,— So may we reach our bright home at last!

MRS. HEMANS.

(4) Hushed—silent, noiseless.—(5) Nought—nothing.

Birds of Passage are those birds which migrate, that is, which leave our country at a certain season of the year for a warmer or a colder clime. The Swallow, Cuckoo, Nightingale, Redstart, Blackcap and many other birds leave us ere the winter commences, and guided by the instinct given them by their Creator, seek some other land where nature will smile upon them with her summer beauty;—on the return of spring, say about April, they will visit old England again, and delight us with their pleasant music.

Again, there are birds which come to us in the winter time, leaving us again on the approach of spring, such as the Fieldfare, Bedwing, Snipe, Wild-duck, Widgeon and many others which delight in the cold, frost and snow; and not like the former birds in sunny weather, green foliage, and blue skies.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note, As his corse (1) to the ramparts (2) we hurried; Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot, O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night, The sods (3) with our bayonets turning, By the struggling moonbeams misty light, And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,

Not in sheet, nor in shroud (4) we wound him;

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,

With his martial (5) cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said, And we spoke not a word of sorrow; But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead, And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed, And smoothed down his lonely pillow, The foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head, And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone, And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him; But little he'll reck, ⁽⁶⁾ if they let him sleep on, In the grave where a Briton has laid him

(1) Corse—corpse.—(2) Ramparts—the walls which surround fortified places.—(3) Sods—turfs, pieces of earth.—(4) Shroud—dress of the dead.—(5) Martial—soldierly.—(6) Reck—care.—

But half of our heavy task was done, When the clock struck the hour for retiring; And we heard the distant and random (7) gun, That the foe (8) was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down, From the field of his fame fresh and gory ⁽⁹⁾ We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone, But we left him alone in his glory.

WOLFE.

(7) Random—that by chance, without aim.—(8) Foe—enemy.(9) Gory—bloody.

Sir John Moore, the subject of these universally admired verses, was killed at the battle of Corunna, an engagement between the French and English, when the losses of the latter were very considerable, consisting of 5000 horses, and 5 or 6000 men, besides its magazines, &c. The Historian says 'that however calamitous this expedition proved, yet it was of advantage to the cause it was intended to support, as it drew Buonaparte from the south, which at that time lay entirely open to his enterprises, and afforded time to the Spaniards to recover in some degree from the terrors of their enemy.' The body of the brave Sir John Moore was hastily interred on the ramparts of Corunna, where a monument was afterwards raised to his memory.

THE PATRIOT.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own—my native land?"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand (1)?
If such there breathe, go mark him well,
For him—no Minstrel—raptures swell!

(1) Strand-shore.

High tho' his titles, proud his name—
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite (2) those titles, power, and pelf, (3)
The wretch concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown, (4)
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd and unsung!

WALTER SCOTT.

(2) Despite—in spite of.—(3) Pelf—money,—possessions.(4) Renown—fame, repute.

To be fond of the country we are born and live in, is not only natural but right. But in loving our own blessed land, we should never depreciate, or undervalue other countries, for God has given to all parts of the world suitable and distinct gifts.

PRAYER.

"Ere the morning's busy ray
Call you to your work away,
Ere the silent evening close
Your wearied eyes in sweet repose,
To lift your heart and voice in prayer
Be your first and latest care.

And oh! where'er your days be past, And oh! howe'er your lot be cast, Still think on Him whose eye surveys, Whose hand is over all your ways."

CRABBE.

At all times, and under all circumstances, we can have access to God by prayer. Prayer is not only a duty, but a privilege, and we should never fail to pray to our Heavenly Father morning and evening. In prosperity or in adversity, the act of praying will purify our thoughts, enlarge our conceptions of the great God, better fit us for our daily labours, and prepare us for that blessed region 'where the souls of good men dwell.'

We are told that the "effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much;" we ought therefore never to forget our dear relatives and friends in our prayers.

THE RAINBOW.

How glorious is thy girdle cast O'er mountain, tower, and town, Or mirror'd ¹ in the ocean vast— A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark, As young thy beauties seem, As when the Eagle from the ark First sported in thy beam.

For faithful to its sacred page, Heaven still rebuilds thy span, Nor lets the type grow pale with age, That first spoke peace to man.

CAMPBELL.

(1) Mirror'd-reflected.

The cause of this beautiful phenomenon is to be found in the fact that the light of the sun is composed of three colours,—red, yellow and blue. In passing through the drops of rain, these colours are divided, and bent more or less from the usual straight direction of the sun's rays. The Rainbow was appointed by God as the sign of the covenant of mercy, made with Noah, and with all mankind after the flood.—see Genesis, 9 chap. v. 11 to 16.

GELERT.

The spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smiled the morn,
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Attend Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer;
"Come Gelert! why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear?

"Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam?

The flower of all his race!

So true, so brave, a lamb at home—

A lion in the chase!"

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved;
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied, When near the portal seat, His truant Gelert he espied, Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd the castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound was smear'd with gouts of gore—
His lips and fangs ran blood!

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
Unused such looks to meet;
His favourite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn pass'd
(And on went Gelert too,)
And still where'er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view!

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found, The blood-stain'd cover rent, And all around the walls and ground With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child—no voice replied; He search'd—with terror wild; Blood! blood! he found on every side, But nowhere found the child!

"Hell-hound! by thee my child's devoured!"
The frantic father cried,
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side!

His suppliant, as to earth he fell, No pity could impart; But still his Gelert's dying yell Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell, Some slumberer waken'd nigh; What words the parent's joy can tell, To hear his infant cry! Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap, His hurried search had miss'd, All glowing from his rosy sleep, His cherub boy he kissed!

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread—
But the same couch beneath,
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead—
Tremendous still in death!

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain,
For now the truth was clear;
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe,—
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deck'd;
And marbles storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass,
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear, And oft, as evening fell, In fancy's piercing sounds would hear, Poor Gelert's dying yell!

SPENCER.

Let this pathetic and sorrowful poem teach you how fearful and wrong it is to act from passion.

How many and dreadful are the consequences of passion. Had Llewellyn calmed his temper, and not have acted from the passion of the moment, his dog, as well as his child, would have been preserved to him. May you learn from this never to act in a passion.

THE STORMY PETREL.

"A thousand miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast,
Up and down! up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown;
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam,
The Stormy Petrel finds a home,—
A home, if such a place may be,
For her who lives on the wide wide sea."

BARRY CORNWALL.

The Stormy Petrel is a small bird, and distributed over every portion of the ocean. It is thus described by a writer on Natural History. "The flight of the Petrel is very swift, it wheels round the labouring ship descends into the trough of the waves, and mounts over their curling crests, secure amidst the strife of waters; often with wings expanded is it seen to stand, as it were, on the summit of the billow and dip its bill into the water, no doubt in order to pick up some small animal; and again, on vigorous wings it pursues its way." It follows the course of a ship on account of the refuse which is thrown from time to time overboard. The Sailors hold this bird in great awe, and never on any account destroy one. The body is so oily that the inhabitants of the Ferroe and other islands sometimes convert it into a lamp by drawing a wick of cotton through the body, which will burn till the oil be exhausted.

THE SUNBEAM.

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall,
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all!
A bearer of hope unto land and sea,
Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee?

Thou art walking the billows and ocean smiles, Thou hast touch'd with glory his thousand isles; Thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery foam, And gladden'd the sailor like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades, Thou art streaming on through their green arcades, ¹ And the quivering ² leaves that have caught thy glow, Like fire-flies ³ glance to the pools below.

I look'd on the mountains,—a vapour lay, Folding their heights in its dark array; Thou brakest forth,—and the mist became, A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I looked on the peasant's lowly cot,—
Something of radness had wrapt the spot;—
But a gleam of thee on its lattice 4 fell,
And it laugh'd into beauty at that bright spell.

Sunbeam of summer! oh! what is like thee?

Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!—

One thing is like thee to mortals given,

The faith touching all things with hues of (5) Heaven!

Mrs. Hemans.

Arcades—a number of arches in succession.—(2) Quivering—trembling.—(3) Fire-flies—a species of fly found in eastern countries, which like the glow-worm in this country, emits, or throws out light.
 Lattice—a window made of grate-work—(5) Hues—tints.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,

Of wailing (1) winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere (2)

Heap'd in the hollows of the grove the wither'd leaves lie dead,

They rustle to the eddying (3) gust, and to the rabbit's tread.

The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay,

And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and stood,

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood!

Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers

Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours,

The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain,

Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones again."

BEYANT.

Wailing—sorrowful.—(2) Sere—withered.—(3) Eddying—moving in a ring.

This piece, written by a talented American Poet, describes truthfully the appearance of the country about the month of November,—the lovely flowers have disappeared—the feathered songsters are gone to more sunny climes—the trees are bare—the wind blows cold and we love our pleasant firesides.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing (1) limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dew'd brow,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?—
By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
By earth that trembles at his doom,
By yonder saints who burst their tomb,
By Eden, promised ere He died
To the felon (2) at his side,
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

MILMAN.

⁽¹⁾ Writhing—distorted, trembling with pain. -(2) Felon—one guilty of a capital offence.

THE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England!

Who guard our native seas,

Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze,

Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe,

And sweep through the deep

While the stormy tempests blow;

While the battle rages long and loud,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave;
Where Blake (1) and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages long and loud,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,

No towers along the steep;

Her march is o'er the mountain waves,

Her home is on the deep;

⁽¹⁾ Blake—a celebrated English Admiral in the time of Cromwell. He defeated the Dutch fleet at various times, and after gaining many decisive battles over the Spaniards, was seized with a dropsy, of which he died 1657.

With thunders from her native oak,
She quits the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages long and loud,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

CAMPBELL.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOWWORM.

A Nightingale that all day long
Had cheer'd the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended, (1)
Nor yet when even-tide was ended—
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite:
When looking eagerly around,
He spied, far off upon the ground

(1) Suspended-stopped, left off.

A something shining in the dark, And knew the glow-worm by his spark; So stooping down from hawthorn top, He thought to put him in his crop.

The worm, aware of his intent,

Harangued him thus, right eloquent;—
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
"As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor (2) to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the self-same power divine,
Taught you to sing and me to shine,
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night."

The songster heard his short oration, And warbling out his approbation, Released him, as my story tells, And found a supper somewhere else.

COWPER.

(2) Abhor-dislike.

The Nightingale, as its name implies, sings at night, as well as in the day time, when its song is not so readily to be distinguished as in the calm moonlight when all the sounds of nature are hushed, excepting where this solitary warbler pours forth its rich and exquisite melody. It frequents close shrubberies and visits our island only in the summer time, leaving it again in the winter for Africa, and warmer climates. The Nightingale builds a beautiful nest and lays generally five eggs of an olive brown colour. It feeds on worms, insects and berries.

The Glow-worm is a small creeping insect that shines in the dark by a luminous tail,

THE ALPS AT DAY-BREAK.

The sun-beams streak the azure (1) skies, And line with light the mountains brow; With hounds and horns the hunters rise, And chase the roebuck (2) thro' the snow.

From rock to rock, with giant bound, High on their iron poles they pass; Mute ⁽³⁾ lest the air, convuls'd by sound, Rend from above a frozen mass.

The goats wind slow their wonted way, Up craggy (4) steeps and ridges rude; Mark'd by the wild wolf for his prey, From desert, cave, or hanging wood.

And while the torrent thunders loud, And as the echoing cliffs reply, The huts peep o'er the morning cloud, Perch'd, like an eagle's nest, on high.

ROGERS.

Azure—blue.—(2) Roebuck—a small species of deer.
 Mute—silent.—(4) Craggy—rough, uneven.

The second verse alludes to the manner the hunters jump from rock to rock, viz: by the aid of a pole made of iron, which greatly assists them in their perilous but exciting amusement.

THE WOOD.

"These shades are still the abodes
Of undissembled (1) gladness: the thick roof
Of green and stirring branches is alive
And musical with birds, that sing and sport
In wantonness (2) of spirit; while below,
The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,
Chirps merrily.

Throngs of insects in the glade
Try their thin wings and dance in the warm beam
That waked them into life. Even the green trees
Partake the deep contentment: as they bend
To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
Looks in, and sheds a blessing on the scene.

Scarce less the cleft-born 3 wild flower seems to enjoy Existence, than the winged plunderer
That sucks its sweets.—The rivulet
Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed
Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
Seems with continuous laughter to rejoice,

In its own being."

BRYANT.

- (1) Undissembled—not feigned—honest.
- (2) Wantonness—carelessness.
- (3) Cleft-born-born in a crevice or cleft.

HYMN TO THE BRAVE.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest, By all their country's wishes blest! When spring, with dewy fingers cold, Returns to deck (1) their hallow'd mould, She there shall dress a sweeter sod Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell ² is rung, By forms unseen their dirge ³ is sung; There honour comes, a pilgrim gray, To bless the turf that wraps their clay; And freedom shall awhile repair, To dwell a weeping hermit there.

Collins.

Deck—to adorn or beautify.
 Knell—a funeral bell.
 Dirge—a mournful or sad anthem or song.

THE INCHCAPE BELL.

No stir on the air, no swell on the sea, The ship was still as she might be; The sails from heaven received no motion, The keel was steady in the ocean.

With neither sign nor sound of shock,

The waves flow'd o'er the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,

They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The pious Abbot of Aberbrothock,

Had placed that bell on the Inchcape rock;

On the waves of the storm it floated and swung,

And louder and louder its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the tempest swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell,
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

The float of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker spot on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd the deck,
And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

His eye was on the Bell and Float,—
Quoth he "My men, put down the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,—
I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothock!"

The boat was lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go,
Sir Ralph leant over from the boat,
And cut the bell from off the float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling ¹ sound, The bubbles rose, and burst around, Quoth he, "Who next comes to the rock, Won't bless the priest of Aberbrothock!,'

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,

He scour'd the sea for many a day,

And now, grown rich with plunder'd store,

He steers his way for Scotland's shore.

Gurgling—a deep gushing noise, as made by any heavy body falling into the water, like the bell in the present instance.

So thick a haze o'erspread the sky,

They could not see the sun on high,
The wind had blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

"Can'st hear," said one, "the breakers 2 roar?

For yonder, methinks should be the shore,

Now, where we are, I cannot tell,—

I wish we heard the Inchcape Bell."

They heard no sound—the swell is strong,

Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along;

Till the vessel strikes with a quivering shock,—

"Oh heavens! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
And cursed himself in his despair;
And waves rush in on every side,
The ship sinks fast beneath the tide.

SOUTHEY.

(2) Breakers—rocks against which the waves break, as the word implies.

There is a deep moral conveyed in these verses which it would be well to reflect upon for a moment, as no doubt the poet calculated to teach us a very useful lesson in a pleasant manner.

It is impossible to do wrong, or to act rashly without being at some future time punished for our wickedness, or reproved for our rashness. It has been rightly said by a great philosopher, that "theft never enriches, that falsehood never profiteth, and every bad action is sure to bring with it some sore punishment." As it was with Sir Ralph the Rover, so it has been with hundreds and thousands of individuals, who out of sheer caprice and in an idle moment, did some malicious act which sometime afterwards they bitterly regretted. Alike the boy and the man when they take that which does not belong to them, or do that which is evil in the sight of God, are sure to be punished in more ways than one, by Him who sees every act, and knows every thought of our minds.

THE POWER OF GOD.

The Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land, With threatening aspect roar; The Lord uplifts his awful hand, And chains you to the shore.

Howl, winds of night, your force combine; Without His high behest, (1) Ye shall not in the mountain pine, Disturb the sparrows nest.

His voice sublime is heard afar, In distant peals it dies; He yokes the whirlwinds to his car, And sweeps the howling skies.

Ye nations bend, in reverence bend, .

Ye monarchs wait his nod,

And bid the choral song ascend,

To celebrate the God!

H. K. WHITE.

(1) Behest—command.

"For at his word the stormy wind ariseth, which lifted up the waves thereof."

"For he maketh the storm to cease; so that the waves thereof are still."—Psalm 108th.

BTRDS.

Birds—birds! ye are beautiful things, With your earth treading feet and your cloud cleaving wings. Where shall man wander, and where shall he dwell, Beautiful birds, that ye come not as well?

Ye have nests on the mountains all rugged and stark: (1)
Ye have nests in the forests all tangled (2) and dark:
Ye build and ye brood 'neath the cottager's eaves,
And ye sleep on the sod 'mid the bonnie green leaves;
Ye hide in the heather, (3) ye lurk in the brake, (4)
Ye dive in the sweet flags (5) that shadow the lake:
Ye skim where the stream parts the orchard-decked land,
Ye dance where the foam sweeps the desolate strand.

Beautiful birds! ye come thickly around,
When the bud's on the branch, and the snow on the ground;
Ye come when the richest of roses flush out,
And ye come when the yellow leaf eddies about.

Beautiful birds! how the schoolboy remembers
The warblers that chorused his holiday tune;
The Robin that chirped in the frosty Decembers,
The Blackbird that whistled through flower-crowned June.

That schoolboy remembers his holiday ramble,
When he pulled every branch of palm he could see,
When his finger was raised as he stopped in the bramble
With "Hark! there's the Cuckoo: how close he must be!"

Stark—bare, naked.—(2) Entangled—knitted together.
 Heather—heath, a small plant.—(4) Brake—thicket of trees.
 Flags—a species of water plant.

Beautiful birds! we've encircled (6) thy names
With the fairest of fruits and the fiercest of flames.
We paint war with his Eagle and peace with her Dove;
With the Redbolt of death, and the Olive of love:
The fountain of friendship is never complete,
Till ye coo o'er its waters so sparkling and sweet;
And where is the hand that would dare to divide
Even wisdom's grave self from the Owl by her side?

Beautiful creatures of freedom and light! Oh! where is the eye that groweth not bright As it watches you trimming your soft glossy coats, Swelling your bosoms, and ruffling your throats; Oh! I would not ask, as the old ditties sing, To be "happy as sand-boy" or "happy as king;" For the joy is more blissful that bids me declare, "I am as happy as all the wild birds in the air." I will tell them to find me a grave when I die, Where no marble will shut out the glorious sky; Let them give me a tomb where the daisy will bloom, Where the moon will shine down and the leveret (7) pass by But be sure there's a tree stretching out high and wide, Where the Linnet, the Thrush, and the Woodlark may hide; For the truest and purest of requiems (8) heard, Is the eloquent hymn of the beautiful bird.

E. Cook.

(6) Encircled—surrounded.—(7) Leveret—a young hare.
(8) Requiems—hymns for the dead.

I think this piece so admirably appeals to the choicest feelings of a schoolboy, that it needs no remark or commendation from me, to render it a great favourite among those who are destined to learn poetry from this small collection. If perfectly learnt it will fully reward the pupils patience and perseverance.

THE CHAMELEON.

Oft has it been my lot to mark, A proud, conceited talking spark, With eyes that hardly serv'd at most, To guard their master 'gainst a post; Yet round the world the blade has been, To see whatever could be seen. Returning from his finished tour, Grown ten times perter (1) than before; Whatever word you chance to drop, The travell'd fool your mouth will stop; "Sir, if my judgment you'll allow-"I've seen—and sure I ought to know." So begs you'd pay a due submission, And acquiesce (2) in his decision. Two travellers of such a cast, As o'er Arabia's wilds they past, And on their way, in friendly chat, Now talk'd of this, and then of that; Discours'd awhile, 'mongst other matter, Of the Chameleon's form and nature, "A stranger animal, " cries one, "Sure never liv'd beneath the sun: "A lizard's body, lean and long, "A fish's head, a serpent's tongue, "Its foot with triple (3) claw disjoin'd "And what a length of tail behind! "How slow its pace! and then its hue-"Who ever saw so fine a blue?

⁽¹⁾ Perter—saucy, positive.—(2) Acquiesce—agree, give in.
(3) Triple—three.—

- "Hold there," the other quick replies,
- "'Tis green, I saw it with these eyes,
- "As late with open mouth it lay,
- "And warm'd it in the sunny ray;
- "Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,
- "And saw it eat the air for food."
- "I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
- "And must again affirm it blue;
- "At leisure I the beast survey'd,
- "Extended in the cooling shade."
- "'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye."-
- "Green!" cries the other in a fury;
- "Why sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"-
- "'Twere no great loss," the friend replies;
- "For if they always serve you thus,
- "You'll find them but of little use."

So high at last the contest rose, From words they almost came to blows; When luckily came by a third, To him the question they referr'd, And begg'd he'd tell them, if he knew, Whether the thing was green or blue.

- "Sirs," cries the umpire, (4) "cease your pother, (5)
- "The creature's neither one nor t'other,
- "I caught the animal last night,
- "And view'd it o'er by candle light;
- "I mark'd it well-'twas black as jet-
- "You stare—but sirs, I've got it yet,
- (4) Umpire—one who decides any question proposed to him.
 (5) Pother—talk, noise or bustle.

- "And can produce it."—" Pray, sir, do:
- "I'll lay my life the thing is blue.;"-
- "And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen.
- "The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
- "Well then, at once to ease the doubt,"
- Replies the man, "I'll turn him out;
- "And when before your eyes I've set him,
- "If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."

He said, and full before their sight,

Produc'd the beast, and lo!-'twas white.

Both star'd, the man look'd wondrous wise,

"My children, the Chamelion cries,

(Then first the creature found a tongue,)

- "You all are right, and all are wrong;
- "When next you talk of what you view,
- "Think others see as well as you;
- "Nor wonder, if you find that none
- "Prefers your eye-sight to his own."

MERRICK.

I think it will not be much out of place to give you a short description of the subject of these witty and admirable verses. The Chameleon is, as I daresay you know, a species of Lizard, and is found in Africa, India and Australia. The most wonderful feature in the natural history of this reptile is the power it possesses of changing colour. And very true it is that each of the travellers saw rightly, and saw differently, one said it was green, another blue, and the umpire chosen to decide the matter announced it black, but lo! when the creature is produced it turns out to be white! The reason and cause which create these different colours, has been accounted for in various ways, one is, the varied influence of light on the nervous system. But when you get older, you will be better able to comprehend the many theories that have been proposed and discussed on this interesting point.

The tongue of this animal is a most extraordinary organ, and is the instrument by which it secures its insect prey, darting it out to a great distance and in the twinkling of an eve withdrawing it again.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid! Star of the East, the horizon adorning, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining! Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall! Angels adore him in slumber reclining, Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh ¹ from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation; ²
Vainly with gold would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid! Star of the East, the horizon adorning, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

HEBER.

 Myrrh—an aromatic or powerful scented gum, brought from Ethiopia, but the tree which produces it is nnknown.

(2) Oblation—an offering.

TO A SKYLARK.

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
For thy song, Lark, is strong;
Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,
Lift me, guide me, till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind!

Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must wind;
But hearing thee or others of thy kind,
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,
And hope for higher raptures, when life's day is done.

W. Wordsworth.

Poets of all ages have sung of the glories of this exquisite warbler, but of all pieces, Shelley's ode to the Sky-lark is the most admired and read. I subscribe a few verses of this fine poem.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art, we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught:
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then as I am listening now.

SHILLEY.

THE GLORY OF THE CREATOR.

The spacious firmament (1) on high,
With all the blue ethereal (2) sky,
And spangled 3 heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original 4 proclaim.

The unwearied sun from day to day, Does his Creator's power display, And publishes in every land, The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up her wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth.

While all the stars that round her burn, And all the planets ⁵ in their turn, Confirm the tidings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ⁶ ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst these radiant ⁷ orbs be found.—

In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice—
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine,"

Addison.

- (1) Firmament—the heavens. (2) Ethereal—pure.
 - (3) Spangled—sparkling, dotted with stars.
- (4) Original—Creator, God who formed this glorious world.
- (5) Planets—bodies which revolve round the Sun, and not like stars being fixed. The earth on which we live is a planet.
- (6) Terrestrial—belonging to the earth. (7) Radiant—shining.

These beautiful verses tell the reader how the 'unwearied sun,' and the glorious lights which we see dotting the sky on a clear night, are so many witnesses to the glory and power of God, their Creator and designer. Every little boy and girl therefore should love, and worship, and fear God who is so great, wise and good. They should be careful in keeping His commandments, that is, by always speaking the truth under all circumstances; by never taking anything which does not belong to them; by obeying and loving their Parents, and by being humble, contented and happy.—

They should likewise be attentive and diligent in learning their lessons, and be ever ready and happy to listen to the instructions of their Teacher, so that they may become in time clever men, and useful to their Relations, as well as being able to provide for their own and others wants.

DESTRUCTION OF THE ASSYRIANS.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold, And his cohorts ¹ were gleaming in purple and gold, And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea, When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green, That host with their banners at sunset were seen; Like leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown, That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.²

For the Angel of death spread his wings on the blast, And breathed on the face of the foe as he passed, And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill, And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.

(1) Cohorts—troops of soldiers.—(2) Strown—scattered.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide, But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride; And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf, And cold as the spray of the rock beaten surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale, With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail: And the tents were all silent, the banners alone, The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail, ³
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

BYRON.

(3) Wail-grief.

THE WOUNDED EAGLE.

Eagle! this is not thy sphere!
Warrior-bird, what seek'st thou here?
Wherefore by the fountain's brink
Doth thy royal pinions 1 sink?
Wherefore on the violet's bed
Layest thou thus thy drooping 2 head?
Thou, that hold'st the blast 3 in scorn,
Thou, that wear'st the wings of morn!
Eagle! wilt thou not arise?

⁽¹⁾ Pinions—wings.—(2) Drooping—hanging over.—(3) blast—storm.

Look upon thine own bright skies! Lift thy glance!—the fiery sun There his pride of place hath won, And the mounting lark is there, And sweet sound hath filled the air.

Hast thou left that realm on high?—
Oh, it can be but to die!
Eagle, Eagle! thou hast bowed
From thine empire o'er the cloud!
Thou that hadst ethereal (4) birth,
Thou hast stooped too near the earth,
And the hunter's shaft 5 hath found thee!
Wherefore didst thou leave thy place,
Creature of a kingly race?

Wert thou weary of thy throne? Was the sky's dominion lone? Chill and lone it well might be, Yet that mighty wing was free! Now the chain is o'er it cast, From thy heart the blood flows fast. Wo for gifted souls and high! Is not such their destiny. (6)

MRS. HEMANS.

(4) Ethereal—belonging to the air.—(5) Shaft—arrow.(6) Destiny—fate, lot.

The Eagle has ever been associated with majesty and nobility. By savage nations he is the symbol of courage and independence. The young Indian warrior glories in his Eagle's plume, as the most distinguished ornament with which he can adorn himself. The dress of the Highland Chieftain is incomplete without this badge of high degree. And there is truly something grand in the character of this bird! It loves to dwell on some high and inaccessable rock, from whence it can see and watch for miles round; its rapid flight, powerful make and strength, all render it a noble and sovereign bird.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

(From the Deserted Village.)

"Near yonder copse, (1) where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, (2) or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying (3) hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant (4) train,

He chid (5) their wanderings, but relieved their pain;

The long remember'd beggar was his guest,

Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;

The ruin'd spendthrift, (6) now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.

(1) Copse—a small wood.
 (2) Fawn—to bend or cringe.
 (3) Varying—changing.
 (4) Vagrant—wandering beggars.
 (5) Chid—rebuked
 (6) Spendthrift—one who has spent his money reeklessly.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow, And quite forgot their vices in their woe; Careless their merits or their faults to scan, (7) His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt, (6) at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
And as a bird each fond endearment (9) tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured 10 to brighter worlds, and led the way.

O. GOLDSMITH.

- (7) Scan—to remark or notice. (8) Prompt—ready—quick.
- (9) Endearment-attention-kindness.

(10) Allured-enticed-tempted.

THE BATTLE OF THE LEAGUE.

The King is come to marshall us, all in his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He look'd upon his people, and a tear was in his eye:
He look'd upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as roll'd from wing to wing, Down all our line a defeaning shout," God save our Lord the King!" "And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks
of war,

And be your oriflamme to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin! The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain, With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne. Now by the lips of those we love, fair gentlemen of France, Charge for the Golden Lilies,—upon them with the lance! A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest, A thousand Knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;

And in they burst, and on they rush'd, while, like a guiding star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein.

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale.

The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van, "Remember Saint Bartholomew!" was pass'd from man to man:

But out spake gentle Henry," No Frenchman is my foe; Down, down with every foreigner! but let your brethren go." Oh! was there ever such a Knight, in friendship or in war, As our Sovereingn Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! Matrons of Lucerne;

Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.

Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,

That Antwerp Monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright.

Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to night.

For our God hath crush'd the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,

And mock'd the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are; And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre!

MACAULAY.

King Henry of Navarre was distinguished for his disinterested and gallant conduct.

It was in his time that the fearful massacre of Saint Bartholomew took place, when Protestants of every rank and age were cruelly put to death in Paris, Lyons, Orleans, Rouen and more or less throughout the whole of France. This happened in the reign of Charles the Ninth of France, and it is supposed that throughout the Kingdom of France, 25,000 Protestants perished at the infernal command of Charles, and other Roman Catholics.

This wicked King died a most dreadful death, blood oozing from the pores of his skin;—a just judgment for his horrible crimes; he was only 23 years of age when he expired.

The brave and generous Henry of Navarre, headed the Hugenots, and shortly afterwards became King of France, under the title of Henry 4th.

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S SPEECH TO CROMWELL.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me. Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman— Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Cromwell; And when I am forgotten, as I shall be, And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention Of me must more be heard; say then I taught thee! Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory, And sounded all the depths and shoals (1) of honour. Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in; A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it. Mark but my fall, and that which ruined me: Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition; By that sin fell the angels; how can man then (The image of his Maker) hope to win by't? Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee. Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not, Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's, Thy God's, and truths; then if thou fallest, O Cromwell, Thou fallest a blessed martyr. Serve the king: And, pr'ythee, lead me in-There take an inventory (2) of all I have; To the last penny, 'tis the king's. My robe, And my integrity to Heaven, is all I dare now call my own. O Cromwell! Cromwell! Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king, he would not in mine age Have left me naked to mine enemies!

SHAKSPEARE.

(1) Shoals—hollows. | (2) Inventory—list.

This quotation is from Shakspeares drama of Henry 8th;—you will immediately perceive who is the subject of it—Cardinal Wolsey, who lived in the reign of Henry 8th. This wonderful man was the son of a butcher, at Ipswich, and by his great abilities and perseverance reached to the highest pinnacle of human greatness. The king took a dislike to him because he objected to his marriage with Anna Boleyn. He is supposed to be addressing Cromwell, his young secretary, and the language is most touching and affecting,—the advice he gives him is admirable,—and I think no short quotation from Shakspeare's voluminous writings could give you a finer idea of the style and splendour of that great man's works.—

Shakspeare was born at Sratford upon Avon, in Warwick-shire, 1564, and died 1616.

THE PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real—life is earnest!

And the grave is not its goal, (1)
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"

Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destin'd end or way; But to act, that each to-morrow Find us further that to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

(1) Goal-end

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac (2) of Life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle—
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead Past bury its dead;
Act—act in the living present,
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us, We can make our lives sublime, And, departing, leave behind us, Footsteps on the sands of Time:—

Foot prints that perhaps another, Sailing o'er life's solemn main, A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother, Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then be up and doing, With a heart for any fate; Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labour and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.

(2) Bivouse—an army on guard.

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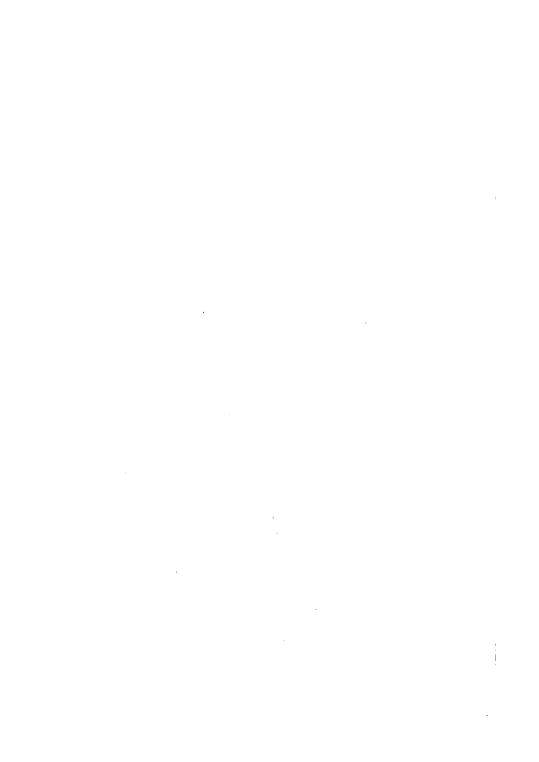
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